

Super Summer

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Summary: While on a fishing trip with her father, young Lois Lane unknowingly makes the 'catch' of her life. . .

## Super Summer

Lois Lane was slumped in the backseat, doing one of the things she did best that summer . . . pouting. Her brown eyes sparked with anger and her arms were crossed defensively. She suddenly sat forward, grabbing the top of the front seat, and spoke for the first time in two hours.

"You know, Dad, it isn't too late to go back. I mean, Mom's probably even \*expecting\* us to. And look how hot it is out. Heat waves are rising on the road. You'd never see those in Metropolis. I bet they don't have any air conditioners in that hick town. And I hear the black flies are really bad there." She stared hopefully at the back of her father's head.

"Lois, you know I've been planning this trip for weeks. My boss has this little cottage out there, and he offered it to me when I told him how much I wanted to take my little girl fishing." He turned his head quickly and flashed her a smile, but she just flopped back into pouting position. "I had to take it. It's office politics. You'll have to get used to that if you ever want to be a reporter."

"Well, all I can say is you better not expect me to go fishing. I'm not going to kill some defenseless thing just so you can have your precious trip."

"You eat the fish I catch at home all the time." He smiled to himself.

"That's different!" She cried. "I. . . I was younger then!"

They settled into another long silence, and fourteen year-old Lois cringed when she saw the sign stating that Smallville was a mere ten miles away.

The cottage was nice, even she had to admit that. But they were in the middle of nowhere. There wasn't another person for miles. And when she thought about the journalism camp she \*could\* have attended, she seethed. It would have been different if her Dad had really wanted her here, but Lois knew he didn't. It wasn't as if she was deaf and couldn't hear her parents talking (yelling) at night.

She sighed, walking around the pond that her Dad expected her to fish in. She would never do it. Eating something was different than killing something and then eating it, \*dead\*. But she did like this little spot. She sat down and got comfortable, listening to the silence broken by an occasional bug buzzing or a frog leaping into the water. Lois was pleasantly surprised to find she was enjoying herself. After all, she had never considered herself a nature kind of girl. She didn't even realize she had closed her eyes until they flew open at the sound of a male voice.

"Hi."

She looked him up and down, and decided he was okay. About her age, and kind of geeky, but cute. He had nice brown eyes and he was built a little better than most guys her age. He wore farm clothes. If it hadn't been for that, Lois decided, she might have been able to develop a little crush on him. But no way would she ever let herself fall for some hick little Farmboy.

"Hi."

He settled himself down beside her. "I don't think I've ever seen you here before."

"You haven't." She spoke crisply. "I'm from Metropolis."

"Oh. I've never been there."

I'll bet you haven't, Lois thought, casting a sideways glance at his clothing. then something started to bother her, and she must have ignored him for a bit. She focused.

"So, why are you in the country?" He gave her a strange look, like he'd already asked her that a couple times.

"How did you get here?"

"Huh?" But he looked a little uncomfortable, she thought.

"How did you get here?" She spoke slowly and patronizingly. "I didn't hear you walk up, and I would have seen you, anyway. There isn't a house for miles."

He definitely looked uncomfortable. "Well, I come here a lot, so I guess I know the quietest path." He paused. "Besides, you had your eyes closed. You wouldn't have seen me."

Lois muttered something unintelligible, but was still troubled. She decided to forget it, though. The sun was starting to set, and her parents really didn't like her to be out after dark. For a moment, at least, she had forgotten she was in the country.

"Listen, I gotta go. Maybe I'll see you again." He raised a hand in a wave, but Lois had already started home and didn't see.

Over the next week or so, they saw each other a total of three times. They had found a little about each other. Lois had been surprised to find out that he wanted to be a writer, and had actually had something published. She blushed a little when she remembered her impression of him as a hick.

The third time he came upon her at the pond, she had obviously been crying. He hurried to sit beside her, and awkwardly tried to put an arm around her shoulders. She pulled away, and he paused for a moment before speaking.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She turned her back to him; He followed.

"Come on, you're crying."

She sniffed. "My Dad." He waited. "He doesn't like me any more."

"I'm sure that's not true."

"It is!" She cried. "He used to like me, but now he doesn't. I heard my parents fighting. He wanted to come here alone, but my Mom told me he had to take me because we were growing apart." She laughed and looked at his face. "As if fishing could somehow bring us closer." She sniffed and smiled. "Anyway, we're leaving tomorrow, so I won't have to worry about it. There'll be tons for me to do alone in the city." The sun had already dropped below the horizon, and there was very little light left. She couldn't see his face.

"You're leaving tomorrow?"

"Yeah. In fact, I should be starting back now. It's getting dark." She started to get up, but the boy impulsively grabbed her hand and pulled her towards him. He looked at her for a split second, and then kissed her.

It wasn't the first kiss she had received, or even the best. But there was something about it that she enjoyed, in spite of her surprise. He stopped and pulled back, smiling at her shyly. She couldn't help but smile back.

"That didn't make everything better, you know."

"I know."

Embarrassment set in, and Lois blushed. "I. . .I've got to go." She turned away and jogged homewards, not looking back. She didn't see the boy grin, or how he got home. She just concentrated on getting home as fast as possible, to analyze this bewildering moment. She didn't realize until the car ride home the next day that they had never told each other their names.

The End

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